

## Eddy Current.

WM. H. MULLANE, Publisher.  
EDDY, . . . . . N. M.

It's easier to earn money than it is not to spend it.

Cupid puts in a good deal of his time at target practice.

The average woman acts first and thinks it over afterward.

Woman's ruling passion crops out in her desire to rule a husband.

By the very constitution of our nature moral evil is its own curse.

No man is ever so friendly that he can't find some one to jolly him along.

The girl who can neither sing nor play, and knows it, is always a favorite.

There's nothing new. Our grandmothers often took spin on chainless wheels.

The wise man counts the cost of his pleasure after the doctor has read in his bill.

Life is a quarry, out of which we are to mold and chisel and complete a character.

It is really not true that the Hismareks forbade the emperor's weeping at their funeral.

The secret of beauty is carried by many a Chicago girl—you never suspect that it is there.

Those who go down to the sea in ships should see that the ships do not go down with them.

Lots of men join a secret society because they think its emblem will show up well on their watch chains.

The average man imagines he would have been a perfect terror in the war if business had not kept him at home.

There are but two classes of people in this world difficult to convince against their will—men and women.

Truth illuminates and gives joy and it is by the bond of joy, not of pleasure, that men's spirits are indissolubly held.

The kindest and happiest pair will find occasion to quarrel, and something every day they live to pity and perhaps forgive.

Do not blow your own trumpet; nor, which is the same thing, ask other people to blow them. No trumpeter ever rose to be a general.

Time is often said to be money, but it is more—it is life; and yet many who would cling desperately to life think nothing of wasting time.

The Cuban Junta is perfectly willing to accept civil offices from the hand of the new governor of the island. Their patriotism is not unlike a certain brand of the same article in this country.

The prize ring is dead, as it ought to be. The race of genuine square fighters—the Sayers, the Heenans, the Sullivan, from "Yankee" to John L.—have passed away. The manly art is no longer practiced. The boxing matches of today are kinesiographic fights. The alleged pugilists are kinesiographic boxers. The fights are engineered for the benefit of the machine. The whole business partakes of the nature of bunco, not real fistie sport, and the sporting public ought to turn its back on it.

Putting aside the right or wrong of it—the wisdom or folly—no candid observer can fail to note that the American people have set their teeth, and that under the doctrine expressed in the title phrase, "The flag where once floated shall never come down!" they are evincing a bulldog determination to hold every foot of territory conquered in honorable war and held through superior force. Whether it shall or shall not be better for ourselves, this we know: Our civilization will come as a blessing rather than as a blight to the peoples upon whom it shall be imposed.

It seems that when the government grants a sick soldier a furlough it makes no provision to see that he gets home. As a consequence, during the last few weeks, sick and hungry soldiers can be seen lying about the railway stations of many cities. A group of Iowa volunteers, sick and emaciated, passed through Chicago the other day and many of them went their way hungry. That such a thing should happen does not imply that the people are ungenerous, but it so happens because no one knew they were coming. Arrangements are now being made to care for any sick and hungry soldier that passes through the city.

Elevators have now been rendered safe in case of fall by means of air cushions. An elevator in the Empire building, New York, was allowed recently to fall twenty stories. The fall of 300 feet did not break eggs lying on a marble slab in the middle of the car nor spill water from a glass.

If Admiral Dewey will travel from San Francisco to Washington by rail he will confer a favor upon several million people who are exceedingly anxious to paint a wide crimson band across the continent.

## FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT. OR, THE USURER'S DAUGHTER. BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME. INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(Continued.)

It was hard to go about her daily tasks—to smile, to talk, to look as though no sorrow engrossed her—but Hildred did it. Her husband found out, too, quite by accident, that she rose early every morning in order that she might go on with the work that she had begun. Her letters, the plans, the wants of the tenants, were all attended to before the real household day began. He was pleased when he found it out; it was part of her noble character; to be true to her purposes; but he never dreamed that love for him drove sleep from her eyes, as it had already driven peace from her heart—he would never have believed it.

So they went on through the bright autumn days, playing at cross purposes, each believing simply and implicitly in the dislike of the other. With the days her love grew greater. There was, indeed, something most loving in the earl now. While she shunned and avoided him, she would have given the whole world for one kindly word, for one loving glance from him. She watched him with dim, passionate eyes. At the sound of his footsteps her heart throbbed, and her pulse quickened at the sound of his voice. Her whole heart went out to him. He was her husband, and she loved him with a wonderful love, although she showed none of it.

With her keen passionate love grew her jealousy. It was not in Lady Hamilton's nature to pass by the admiration of a man like the handsome earl. He must admire her. Had he not done so spontaneously, she would have won it from him. All homage was acceptable to her—his particularly so, because he was a handsome man, and because he had a beautiful, dark-eyed wife who never looked quite comfortable when they were talking together—two little incentives which Lady Hamilton profited by, and which afforded amusement to her. What was nothing but sheer mischief, sheer love of admiration, was death almost to the proud young wife who counted every smile that her husband gave her.

She smiled sadly to herself one day, saying: "Now I know the meaning of the words: 'I have gone mad—I love him—let me die.'"

CHAPTER XXXIX.  
W ITH AN intolerable sense of shame and disgrace, it suddenly occurred to Lady Caraven that her lot in life was quite different from other people's. It seemed to pass over her with a sudden terrible commotion. She had been so occupied with her efforts as regarded her husband, her plans of reform, her schemes for the benefit of others, that she had not given much thought to her own position as a wife whose husband made no pretense of loving her. The knowledge of her real status came to her now with a keen sense of intolerable pain, yet she would have borne its bitterness but for the fear lest the brilliant, beautiful blonde should become as wise as herself. That would have been intolerable.

A trifling circumstance brought Hildred's jealousy to a climax. The earl was going out in a great hurry one morning when he found that the button of his glove was hanging by a thread. Lady Hamilton, who was engaged on some kind of fancy work, with needle and silk in her hand, sat by. He went to her at once.

"Lady Hamilton, be kind to me—give this one stitch." She laughingly complied; she would not let him remove the glove.

"You need not take that trouble," she said—"I can do it as it is."

With a pale face and darkening eyes the young countess watched the little scene. Why had he gone to her for this small service? Why should she hold her husband's hand and look with laughing eyes into his face? She could not endure it. She went up to them.

"I thank you, Lady Hamilton," she said—"I will do that for Lord Caraven."

Lady Hamilton looked up in amazement, but there was something in the young countess' face which made her yield at once. She drew back coldly.

"Lord Caraven asked me to do it," she said.

He turned away with a laugh, but the mischief was done; the sight of her guest's golden head bending over her husband's hand had fanned the jealousy of the young wife into a flame—nor did what followed extinguish it.

The earl had laughed to himself, thinking the occurrence a pretty bit of by-play. He was smiling still when, an hour afterward, his wife met him.

"Hildred," he said in a tone of gay banter, "were you jealous of Lady Hamilton?"

Then the idea seemed so absurd to him that he laughed aloud. To his surprise she grew deadly pale; her lips quivered with emotion.

"Yes," she replied, bitterly—"I scorn to speak falsely—I was jealous of her. You may think what you like of me."

Still he would not be serious about it. He said, jestingly:

"I always thought until now that jealousy presupposed love."

"Did you?" questioned his wife, with proud indifference. "I always thought love presupposed perfect trust."

"You are a good fencer, Hildred," laughed her husband; and he thought no more of the matter. But she did. It had wanted but that trifling incident to fan her jealousy into a flame.

How the hours of that day passed she never knew. One picture filled her mind—that of Lady Hamilton's golden head bending over her husband's hand. She could not bear the thought of it. He might not love her, but he should not love anyone else. He should not laugh because she was jealous, he should not admire this fair woman while he so cruelly neglected her. She worked herself into a frenzy of jealous despair, yet was outwardly calm and proud as usual.

The dinner-party at the castle on that day was not a large one; many of the guests had left. Lord and Lady Damers had returned home. Sir Raoul was in his room. Lady Caraven had dressed herself with unusual care and attention.

During dinner she watched her husband and Lady Hamilton. More than once she saw them laughing and heard them talking merrily. Was it of her? Was the earl telling her that his wife was jealous? And was she laughing because the very cream of the jest was that her husband did not care for her?

Then she grew ashamed of herself. Such suspicions were unworthy of her. She tried to banish them, but they were too strong for her. Whenever the golden head stirred, whenever the sweet sound of musical laughter came to her, she fancied that she was the subject of the jest, until her jealous pain grew intolerable and she could bear it no longer. It was a relief to her when she could give the signal and the ladies could withdraw. She wanted to be alone to think.

For the convenience of one of the guests who was leaving they had dined a little earlier than usual. When the ladies reached the drawing-room the room was filled with ruddy light from the sun setting in the western sky. It would be cruel, they said, to spend such a warm, lovely evening indoors. The gentlemen, thinking the same thing, had hurried from their wine, saying that it would be a pity to lose the last gleam of sunlight.

But before they went out someone prayed the earl to sing one song.

"I will sing a duet," he said, "if Lady Hamilton will help me."

It was useless, he thought, appealing to his wife. The last time he had asked her to sing with him she had refused.

Lady Hamilton was only too pleased. She went to the piano, and very soon the two beautiful voices seemed to fill the room—Lady Hamilton's clear and sweet, the earl's rich and musical—while the young countess watched them with longing, pitiful eyes. They were singing about love, love that

would never die, love that was immortal. More than once the unhappy young wife saw the widow look at her husband; more than once there came to her a wild impulse, a longing, to strike the fair face. When the song was over, it was time to go and watch the sunset. Hildred saw that her husband did not leave Lady Hamilton's side. He remained near her, saying:

"We will watch the sun set over the lake. It is one of the prettiest sights at Ravensmere."

She did not hear Lady Hamilton's answer; it was given with smiling lips and laughing eyes. Was it her morbid

fancy, or did she really hear her husband say, "Yes, and I will tell you the story of my marriage?"

She did not wait to ask herself if it were mere fancy. She believed that she heard it. The idea of it drove her almost mad. They were going to watch the sun fade amongst the flowers, and the earl would meanwhile entertain his companion with the story of his marriage—how he had to wed the money-lender's daughter, or else lose Ravensmere, but how he had avenged himself by neglecting her. Hildred's heart and brain were on fire. The husband she loved, despite his neglect, and the rival whom she disliked, were going to laugh over her together.

An idea suddenly occurred to the unhappy wife—they should not do this, they should not laugh at her, her love and her jealousy should not be sport for them. She would follow them unperceived, and then, when they began to laugh over her story, she would confront them and dare them to amuse themselves with her anguish. All the pride of her nature was aroused. She would suffer death rather than be laughed at by her husband and her rival.

She was bewildered—not herself. She had never been herself from the moment in which she recognized the fact that she loved her husband with all the strength and passion of her nature. She was bewildered by the pain of her love and the smart of her jealousy. The only idea quite clear in her mind was that her husband and her guest should not laugh at her.

When the idea of going out had first been mentioned, she had sent for a scarf, and it lay upon a couch now, a glittering mass of silvery gauze.

"Whose is this?" he asked; and no one answered. "It is very pretty," he added, "and if it has no owner, you shall have it, Lady Hamilton."

The young countess did not step forward to claim it; she saw her husband throw it over the pearls and shoulders and the white neck, and Lady Hamilton took up at him with a coquettish laugh.

"Evidently," she said, "you are quite ignorant of the fashion, in which ladies now wear scarfs. Our great-grandmothers drew them tightly stretched across the shoulders—we like them in this fashion."

Raising her arms, she wound the silvery gauze around her head and neck and arms, shading the bright face, and making her look so pleasantly beautiful that Lord Caraven cried out in admiration:

"That is capital," he said; "ladies always know what is picturesque."

The young countess saw them quit the room together. She resolved upon following them. She heard her husband say laughingly to his companion:

"We will go straight to the lake—I want you to watch the sunset there."

Lady Caraven delayed only a few moments—it was to go to her room for a large dark shawl that should hide her—hide the amber satin and rich black lace—hide her face and head, so that anyone meeting her should quite fail to recognize her. "Creeping along in the dark, who will know me? Or, if they know me, who will care for me?" she said to herself.

When she reached her room she found a message there from Sir Raoul, asking if she would go to his apartments for a short time. She said to herself, "No," with her heart and soul in a ferment she could not talk to Sir Raoul. She had a dim idea that what she was about to do was wrong, undignified, ungenerous. She could not have persevered in her purpose had she looked but once in the calm, noble face of the man who wanted her to be a heroine.

"Tell Sir Raoul that I am engaged just at present, but that I will see him later on in the evening," she said.

She sent him some books and flowers—she did not go to him.

(To be continued.)

### WHITE LEATHER.

Cowhide, Calfskin, and Sheepskin, and the Uses to Which They Are Chiefly Put.

White cowhide has long been used for various purposes, though its place has now been taken to a considerable extent by other and cheaper leathers. It is used, for example, in making suspender tips, and its use in making military belts is familiar. For this purpose it is made up with the flesh side out, and the belts are whitened as occasion may require with chalk or pipe clay. White calfskin is more extensively used than white cowhide. White calf is used for fine and costly work in book binding, it may be for gift books, and sometimes for prayer books. White calf is also used for suspender tips. More extensively used than either white cowhide or white calfskin are the white sheepskins. White sheepskin is used also for suspender tips, and for covering trusses and other articles of metal, and for the trimmings of shoes. It is used for book binding, especially for the binding of medical books, in which use it is first sprinkled with a coloring material which gives it a mottled appearance.

### On the Solar Plexus.

Cholly—"I can't imagine what makes me so stupid tonight." Miss Cutting—"Well, I'm not surprised at that. It would be too much to expect you to imagine anything."—Cleveland Leader.

### An Even Bargain.

"They got sadly left. Each one married the other for money, and it turned out that neither had any." "Served them right. They were paid in their own coin."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Some people are so awfully exclusive their teeth won't move in the same set.

## SPAIN'S INDUSTRIES.

CHIEF MANUFACTURES AND MARKETS THEREOF.

The Greatest Leverage in Bringing About Peace—Negotiations—Cotton Goods Stand First After Agriculture—Fishing Next.

Madrid Correspondence (before peace): A glance at the industrial and commercial condition of Spain will give some idea of what her opportunities in that direction are, and to what extent they are nullified by the war. In 1857 the total amount of exports from Spain was \$184,986,000, and the total amount of imports \$158,668,200. The manufacture of cotton goods, which, next to agriculture, is the industry that gives employment to the greatest number of persons in Spain, has increased remarkably in recent years. It is estimated that the capital invested in machinery in this industry is nearly \$80,000,000, and the capital invested in buildings nearly \$12,000,000. All kinds of cotton textiles, from the finest and most expensive to the coarsest and cheapest, equaling in quality the same classes of English goods, are now produced in Spain. The centers of production are Galicia, Castile and Leon, the Basque provinces, Valencia, Andalusia and the Balearic Islands. In addition to a considerable European market, these fabrics have a large market in the South American republics and the Spanish colonial possessions. The chief center of the cotton underwear industry is Mataro, which produces 40,000 dozen articles weekly. These goods are exported to France, England, Italy, Germany, Belgium, Portugal, Morocco, the Spanish colonial possessions and the South American states. In the manufacture of prints and other colored fabrics, Spain lays claim to a foremost place among the countries which cultivate this industry, because of the durability of the colors and the artistic designs of her fabrics. The products of this industry are exported to France, Italy, Germany, England, Austria, Morocco, Singapore, the South American states and the Spanish colonial possessions. Corduroys and cotton velvets are produced in Barcelona for the home market. The fishing industry has attained considerable proportions in Spain, France and Italy being the principal foreign markets for its products. The famous merino sheep of Spain, which in former years gave her woolen fabrics precedence over those of every other country, enable her still to produce fabrics which can compete with the best English manufactures. The chief centers of the silk industry are Barcelona, Valencia, Seville, Almagro, Maurea, Murcia, Toledo, Cordova, Sagunosa and San Sebastian. The manufacture of lace, for which Spain was famous in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, had a partial revival about the middle of the last century, and has now become an important branch of industry. An important branch of this industry, which is cultivated especially in Barcelona, and whose products have not yet been introduced in foreign markets, is the manufacture of repoussé leather, which in combination with steel or other metals makes a rich and artistic covering for walls and ceilings. The manufacture of saddles, harness, portmanteaus, trunks, belts and other leather articles is carried to a degree of perfection which is not surpassed by the products of English factories. The manufacture of shoes is another important industry whose products compete with those of French and English factories. In Barcelona alone there are more than twenty large shoe factories, provided with modern machinery. The products of this industry are exported to Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Argentina, Uruguay and some others of the South American states. The glove industry has an annual production of about 12,000,000 pairs, a part of which is exported to America. The manufacture of hats is an important industry, one factory alone in Barcelona producing over 2,000 felt hats daily. The manufacture of toys has of recent years attained large proportions and is now an important branch of industry. Metal toys, especially, are produced in large quantities. The manufacture of fans is an industry cultivated exclusively in Valencia. The sticks, or ribs, of carved sandalwood, ebony, iligum vitae, mother-of-pearl and ivory, are also exported in large quantities to France, Italy and Austria, where they are mounted. The manufacture of passementerie is a growing industry, and is cultivated in Madrid and Girona.

### Remember the titmouse.

"Sir," said the second officer of a great Spanish battleship, "a hostile ship is visible on the horizon." "Can you make her out?" "She is an American ship." "Ah, a battleship! Clear ship for action! We will give her a stiff fight." "Sir, it is not a battleship. It is an auxiliary cruiser, one of those Yankee pleasure yachts hastily transformed into a war vessel." The commander's face blanched as he replied: "Then there is no help for us. Run the ship to shore, beach her, and blow her up."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

### One Line Certain.

"Your son has opened up a general merchandise store?" "Yes; he has gone into business in a modest way." "May I ask what lines he is handling besides bicycles?"—Chicago Dispatch.

### Catching Cold.

Jones—"Which travels the fastest, heat or cold?" "Louse." "Heat, of course. You cannot catch heat, but you can catch cold."—New York Journal.

## Good Blood Makes Health

And Hood's Sarsaparilla makes good blood. That is why it cures so many diseases and makes so many people feel better than ever before. If you don't feel well, are half sick, tired, worn out, you may be made well by taking

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

Forrest Girls.

The poorest girls are those who are not taught to work. Rich parents have petted them, and they have been taught to despise labor, and, possibly, to look upon a working woman as belonging to a lower order, and have been accustomed to depend upon others for a living and are perfectly helpless. The most forlorn women belong to this class.

It is the duty of parents to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition. A great wrong is done to them if they neglect it. Girls should be taught to earn their living. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly round; and the rich are likely to become poor, and the poor rich. Skill added to labor is no disadvantage to rich and indispensable to poor. Well-to-do parents must educate their daughters to work—no reform is more imperative than this.

There is no joy in a plethoric pocket-book when a desk drawer is crowded with unrecipited bills.

Debts are the silent partners of experience.

A man loves to tell his miseries to another man.

No one has more perseverance than the average book agent.

I believe my prompt use of Pilo's Cure prevented quick consumption.—Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kans., Dec. 12, '95.

Soprano mosquitoes bite worse than those that sing bass.

Free to Mothers: A box of Dr. Moffett's TERTHIA (Teething Powder) will be sent free to any Mother writing Dr. C. J. Moffett, St. Louis, Mo., giving name of Druggist not keeping them. TERTHIA Aids Digestion, Regularizes the Bowels and makes teething easy.

Long engagements tend to young ladies cautious.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. per box. All druggists.

A showman is nothing if he is not peculiar.

## Sure Cure for Colds

When the children get their feet wet and take cold give them a hot foot bath, a bowl of hot drink, a dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and put them to bed. The chances are they will be all right in the morning. Continue the Cherry Pectoral a few days, until all cough has disappeared.

Old coughs are also cured; we mean the coughs of bronchitis, weak throats and irritable lungs. Even the hard coughs of consumption are always made easy and frequently cured by the continued use of

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Every doctor knows that wild cherry bark is the best remedy known to medical science for soothing and healing inflamed throats and lungs.

Put one of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plasters over your lungs

The Best Medical Advice Free!

We now have some of the most eminent physicians of the United States, England, Australia and long experience, who will give you the best medical advice. Write freely all the particulars in your case. Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.



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WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

Don't be fooled with a makeshift or cheap coat. If you want a coat that will keep you dry in the hardest storm, buy the Fish Brand Slicker. It is for sale in your town. Write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.